

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

Novelized by
FREDERICK R. TOOMBS
From the Great
Play by
PAUL ARMSTRONG

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CHAPTER IV.

VALENTINE'S face revealed the thrill of surprise that shot through him as he learned that the man before him was no less a personage than the lieutenant governor of the state. And he might intercede for him; he might ask the governor for a pardon! At the same time Valentine was not insensible of the important part the girl at the state official's side had played in bringing about his change of fortune. She had called her uncle's attention to him and had evidenced keen interest in him. He would never forget that.

She stood now at the lieutenant governor's side, uncertain as to exactly what attitude she should maintain toward the young man in prison stripes who stood before her uncle and to whom she owed a lifelong debt of gratitude.

It was most embarrassing indeed, she concluded. She wondered what rule of etiquette applied in the case of a girl of eighteen who desired to enter into conversation with a convicted safe breaker. The flush in her cheeks mounted to her forehead, and into her soft brown eyes came the dancing, changing lights that were tell-tales of her impulsive temperament.

Jimmy Valentine, conscious of the girl's delicate beauty and noting that he still seemed to be the especial object of her attention, found difficulty in preserving an even demeanor. Finally, however, he secured a firm grip on himself and preserved a calm, undisturbed bearing with which even the watchful warden himself could find no fault. He addressed the lieutenant governor.

"After all," he said, "I think I will talk to you."

Handler did not approve of the turn events had taken.

"Oh, you will talk, will you?" he said threateningly to the prisoner.

Valentine was aware of the meaning of the warden's sinister tones. He had been an unwilling eyewitness on more than one occasion to the vengeance wreaked by the official on helpless prisoners who had aired their troubles or their experiences or those of fellow prisoners to the visitors from the outside world.

"You can't frighten me, warden," he announced defiantly. "I know I am taking a chance when I talk to an outsider, but—and the flash that revealed in him the strong man's dauntless spirit came into his eyes—"I'll take that chance and all others for the one chance I have here to speak for myself—for my liberty."

The warden, appreciating the futility as well as the lack of wisdom in attempting anything further in the lieutenant governor's presence, subsided.

Fay turned to his niece.

"Rose, are you sure this is the man?" he said in low tones.

The girl unhesitatingly stepped toward the convict.

"Mr. Valentine, have you ever seen me before?" she asked.

"Yes," replied No. 1289 without a falter.

"Can you tell me where?"

"Yes." He directed his eyes significantly toward the warden.

The lieutenant governor caught the suggestion and said:

"Warden, might I ask that this man, my niece and I be left alone for a moment?"

"Why?"

"I have asked a favor of you, Mr. Handler. I will be responsible for your prisoner, and the ladies will pardon me, I know."

"Oh, certainly!" spoke Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Webster simultaneously and walked out of the room.

But Handler was not so quietly disposed of. He snarled at Fay:

"Valentine will tell a straight story, barring a few facts. He was a crook; had part of the coin stolen. If you can jump that pardon him." The warden leaned forward and leered into the prisoner's face, saying, "If you try to make a sucker of me you'll get yours."

Handler strode hastily out into one of the corridors of cells.

Rose again addressed the convict.

"Where did you see me before?"

"On the New York Central train between Buffalo and Rochester on the 8th of June two years ago. You were alone in the parlor car. I came in and saw a man sitting on the arm of your chair. You were pale and frightened. I pulled him away and took him into the smoking compartment. He came back again, and I a moment later heard you scream. I came in, and he attacked me. I hip locked him and threw him through the window."

Rose extended her hand, which he eagerly grasped.

"And then after you threw the man through the window," asked Fay.

"Will you not tell me what you did, Mr. Valentine?"

"I was afraid I might have killed the man, so I left the train by the wrong side at the next station."

"He was badly hurt—died later, did he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was he a friend of yours?"

"No, sir."

"Ever see him before?"

"No, sir."

"But he confessed that he was your partner in robbing the bank—why?"

"Likely because I threw him from the train."

"How did you come by the money identified as having been stolen from the bank?"

Valentine paused a moment before his reply.

"I won it of him playing whist on the train just before the row."

"Is Valentine your name?"

"No, sir."

"Then how did he know you as Valentine?"

"He asked my name while we were playing cards, and as I thought it none of his business I told him Valentine."

"What is your business?"

"I was originally an expert accountant; then I became an expert with the Globe Safe company."

"Tell me, did you give this evidence at the trial?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"The man who confessed had died. If I had told this story they would

to all with a new hope the tortured soul of Jimmy Valentine.

"Tell your lawyer to apply for a pardon. I promise you he shall have every possible assistance in his effort to secure it."

"Thank you, sir; thank you," murmured the prisoner gratefully, but his eyes turned involuntarily to those of the girl, who he well knew was really responsible for his new opportunity.

"And you can thank my niece, too," added Fay.

"I thank her most deeply."

"That's all," said Fay, moving away and beckoning to Rose.

Valentine started as though to go through the door leading to the cell

corridor where Handler was pacing restlessly up and down. Suddenly the prisoner reconsidered. He took a step toward the girl, who stood watching him with an expression of pity in her eyes. He bent over as though to grasp her hand; then with a stoical effort he mastered himself and straightened back.

"Words are futile things sometimes," he said in a low, gentlemanly voice, with perfect pronunciation and intonation. "But I—"

"Yes, we know that," put in the lieutenant governor.

Rose Lane was deeply touched by the struggle that even her little burden of knowledge of the world told her was going on in the prisoner's breast.

"Goodby, Mr. Valentine," she said softly.

The prisoner replied in a half whisper.

"I would rather you called me by a name that is not disgraced. My true name is Lee Randall."

"Goodby, Lee Randall," said the girl.

"Goodby. God bless you," was the convict's trembling response as he turned slowly away to be led back to his cell and to Warden Handler.

"Rose," called the lieutenant governor.

"Yes," said the girl, going to him.

"Is he innocent?"

"Why, certainly."

"That's your intuition?"

"Yes, and that's all a girl has in judging men. Don't you think he is innocent, uncle?"

"I don't know, but I think he might be honest were he given the chance."

"And you are going to give it to him?"

"We will go to the governor. The matter rests entirely in his hands."

Rose threw her arm around her uncle's neck and kissed him fondly.

"The warden is very angry, and the man is helpless," she said fearfully.

"Why, they might even kill!"

"Oh, no, Rose, not that."

"But you realize—"

"Yes, but I don't think they would dare since I—"

"But I am in a chill of fear. The warden's manner—"

"Most warden are bullies, Rose, and I don't think this Handler an exception; I think a few words from me might—"

At this juncture Handler stormed into the office. He glared angrily at his visitors. At Fay's direction Rose went out into the waiting room.

"Finished your star chamber session, governor?" he asked sneeringly.

"Mr. Handler," sternly, "let me say something to you for your own benefit. You are an employee of the state. Employees have been removed, even warden, for a speech no more discourteous than the one you have just made. When Valentine gets out—and I hope it will be soon—I am going to ask him how he was treated, and if he tells me you treated him any worse after today than before I came I promise you a little polite h—l. Good day, sir."

The lieutenant governor followed Rose.

Smith had come in with the warden. The latter turned to his secretary as Fay departed and snarled viciously, his teeth protruding like yellow fangs. "Valentine, eh? Get him!"

Smith, his face gravely set, obediently went out of the room.

To be Continued



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JOHNSON ANSWERS SENATOR MCCREARY.

Gives Account of His Services to Democratic Party--Reiterates
Bolting Charges Against Madison Countian--Haley Comes
in For Scoring--Declares That McCrery's Headquarters Are in City of Cincinnati.

In answer to Senator McCrery's speech at Shelbyville, the Hon. Ben Johnson, candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, in part as follows:

"Fellow Citizens of Shelby County: As Senator McCrery has just said, I was here a month ago and made you a speech. I did not expect to come back here during this campaign, for the reason that there are not week days enough left between now and the primary election, exclusive of Sundays, for a man to go to the various counties in this State, considering some time to travel from one county to another.

"Over at Gwenton, two weeks ago today, Senator McCrery made a speech. I went over there as a free Kentuckian, in a free land, and asked Senator McCrery to divide time with me. He did so by taking fifty minutes for himself, allowing an hour for me and reserving the last fifteen minutes for himself, after which my mouth was sealed. It was his appointment and he had the right to make the terms. This is his appointment, and again he has the right to make the terms. At the conclusion of what I may have to say today he will have fifteen minutes rejoinder.

Comes at Call of Friends.

"I am back here today, not to go over and repeat what I said upon the former occasion, when I was here a month ago, but, in part, to answer what Senator McCrery said during the last fifteen minutes of his speech when I was deprived of the right to open my mouth; and, today, I am in this position. I may have to go somewhere else to answer what he may say in his fifteen minutes' reply. I would not be here except for that, and I did not know until late yesterday afternoon that I would be here at all, but my friends telephoned and said that they thought I ought to come, and I am here in answer to their call.

"The papers, in big headlines, have heralded that I have been saying unkind and ungenerous things about Senator McCrery. I deny it. I can prove it by him. In his closing fifteen minutes' speech at Owenton, the other day, he said that I had devoted almost all of my speech in eulogy of him. He said then, and he says today, that he has the greatest respect for me and his other opponents. How, then, can it be possible that I have said of him what I should not say in fair debate?

The "Parisian" Circular.

"Senator McCrery has alluded to the circular called 'The Parisian,' which he says has been distributed over the country. I said at Owenton, and I say now with uplifted hand, that I am not the anonymous sender of that circular. The man who imputes it says what is not true. I hope I do not bear the reputation of saying behind men's backs what I am willing to say to their faces, and stand the responsibilities.

"Senator McCrery, I said to you then that I did not send that circular out. I repeat it now, and I say furthermore with uplifted hand that I have no idea upon God Almighty's earth who did send it out; and I say furthermore that not one cent of my money went to buy a postage stamp or pay for the printing or the circulation of it. What more can I say? I know that Senator McCrery believes that I am telling the truth.

"Now, when Senator McCrery comes to write a card replying to that circular the two chief objections that he finds to it are these: One which says that he is seventy-six years old, and the other which abuses Percy Haley. Senator McCrery just said that I had referred to his age as being seventy-three. I did say that he is in his seventy-third year, according to his own statement. If he was seventy-two last July, every man in this audience knows that he is now in his seventy-third year. If I am fifty-two I am now in my fifty-third year.

"Senator McCrery has made you a good speech. I am not here to deny it. I always did like that speech of Senator McCrery's. I believe that you old, gray-haired men standing back there appreciated it the first time you ever heard it.

Senator McCrery Rejuvenated.

"Now, he is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor for the last time. I have here somewhere in my papers an extract from his speech—I can produce it if Senator McCrery wants it—where, over at Richmond when he closed his last campaign with Gov. Beckham, when Jerry Sullivan introduced him, that he then said he was before the people for the last time, but when he says that what more does he say? That he is far more vigorous, both physically and mentally, than he was when he made the race for governor thirty-five years ago. A new life has come into Senator McCrery; he has been rejuvenated. God knows how, I don't; but he says he is a more vigorous man now than he was thirty-five years ago. I think that the Senator's over-confidence in himself in that respect is exaggerated, to use it mildly. I do not wish to dispute him, but I say I did not believe him when he made that statement, and I am still from Missouri.

"He said with great boast here in one part of his speech (pounding the table) that I did not say to you when I was here for what principles in Kentucky's affairs I stood, and he said, I have just said to you for what principles in Kentucky I stand."

"Now, every man of you, before you get out of this house, ask yourself right now what principle it is that he has enunciated that he stands for that we have not already got. Who answers that question?

Record in State Senate.

"Over at Owenton he said that he was in favor of the farmers organizing; that he was in favor of the normal schools; that he was in favor of bettering the conditions of the ex-Confederate soldiers. I said then, and I repeat it now, that I was a member of the State Senate when there was introduced in that State Senate a bill to allow the farmers to pool their product that they might get a better living out of what they grew from the ground; that I cast my vote for it then; that I have stood for it ever since when he was not in the State of Kentucky, and I doubt if he knew that such a proposition was then pending before the Kentucky Legislature.

"He said that he approved the Democratic Legislature having passed the bill to establish normal schools. I was a member of that Democratic State Senate which passed the normal school bill. I voted for it, and with pride I have seen these buildings go up to send out teachers better fitted to educate the youth of our land. I doubt if Senator McCrery knew then that such a bill was before that body.

"He said that he was in favor of doing something for the ex-Confederate soldier. I said then, and I say now, that I was a member of that State Legislature to which he alluded; that I was chairman of the committee to which that bill for the ex-Confederate soldier was referred; and, when they brought it to me as chairman of that committee to receive my criticism, wherein they asked for an appropriation of \$12,000, I said 'No. I will not support it. But if you will change that \$12,000 for the benefit of those honorable old

Concluded on page seven

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